I was listening to John Cage and saw a panther in the room

Nathan Anderson

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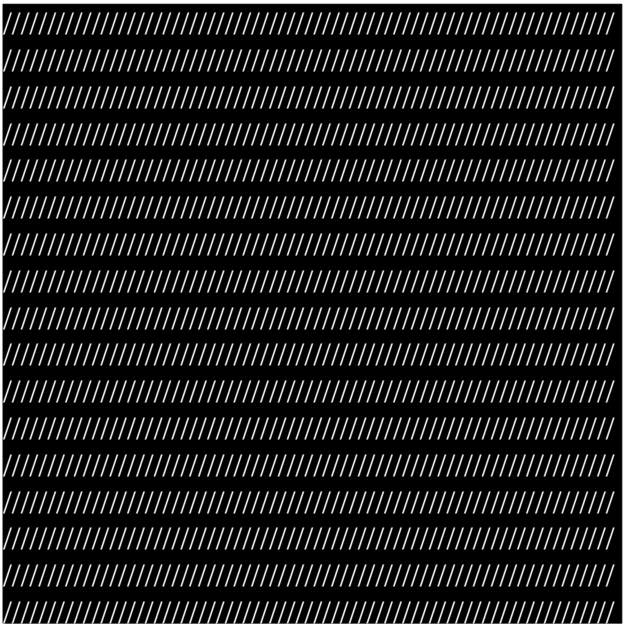
I
saw
a
panther
in
the
room



I was listening to John Cage

mill around
mill around
mill around
mill around
mill around
mill around
mill around

this was how he said it

((didn't he??????????????????

……..remember
……...this

the sound
of
solution

...commingle in the
……**...break**

‡‡‡‡‡=====‡‡‡‡‡=======**V** : AD == and also

Diagrammatic audio liberating through the cross ear. Coming through the sight to signal intuition. Denser denser denser. All its own and answering the problematic. Programmed to believe the first sight. Coming in the morning. Bright. Bright and early morning. Rushing through the packet of the mind. Continuum of sensory afflicting. No no no no no no no. Not affliction but attenuation. A grasp of the synapse into threading strike-backs. Afternoon to you all and to all of you a good night. Is this a cavity**? Felt tongued and atrophied. Pushed back. Pushed to push back in the morning shuffle. Not spoken of but blemished in** the closure of the speaking nebula. Cannot remove from affliction. Not affliction attenuation. Not attenuation affliction. Not affliction affection. Calcified into this dense movement. Like the horse as the cadaver. Not more than this spread can grow. A cover over floor the water spill. Sweet scent of water sent. Sweet sound of downing and removal. Sensory without sense sense. Sensory within the movement sense. Continuing within the happening of movement and movement and movement. From inch to striving into calypso of fragmentation. Same and same and same. **The same today as gone and g**lobe and nothing nothing nothing nothing. Is that Jazz music? Not this time. Not answering the speaker and the spoken. Not answering how this came to be and about this music. Not jazz music? Not music of the jazz tradition. No tradition for the wailing over water and

the movement movement. So strike it as the needle and the growth within the happening. **Not so much now as needs to be as spoken to and spoken of. This sound so much eclipsed by sensor spelt as flower in the grove. A grip and a half step made within the union. Together. Apart. Together. Apart. Together. Apart. And now bleeding on that edge. Surely not this jazz music? Surely not this half moon without reacting. Taken down the final road to read in Vedas** and collapsing iron wills made from bridges and barking at the solid state affair. Night and night. But morning out of this renewed velocity. Back to the sight of synapse collapsing. This in new without this union in the pulse and fathered dive. Harrying harrying harrying. Not a desert tongue to streak by and mount the union. Not union into deep affliction. Not affliction but affection. Not affection but affliction. Not affliction but attenuation. Now and now the coming and the going. The going and the coming and the going. The not that is not the jazz music. Surely surely not. The tempo without signal ultimatums. The hand d**own the b**ack and the leg up. Not more fashionable than an edge or a square or the colour colour colour colour. Not more touched together than the markings of the flight and wing without veracity. Yelping within the handheld and the vacuous removal of the **eye and the spleen and the**

stratosphere. Kinetic within the last of the open days.

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.                              >>
.                              >>
.                              >>
.                              >>
.                              >>
.                              >>
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O P
E N
I N
G

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-                                 -
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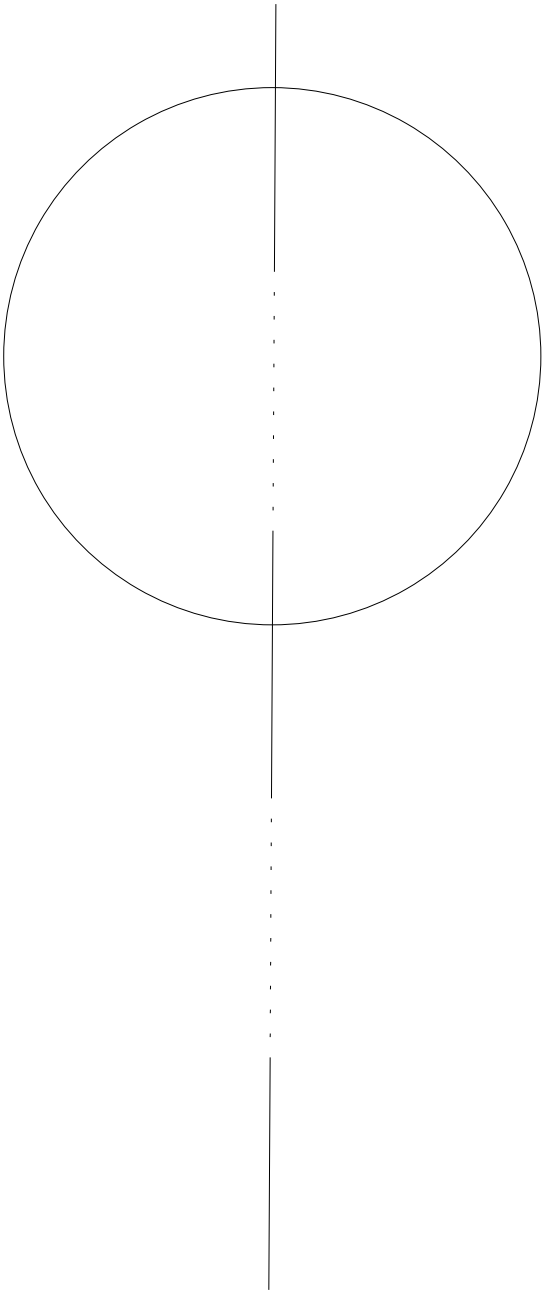
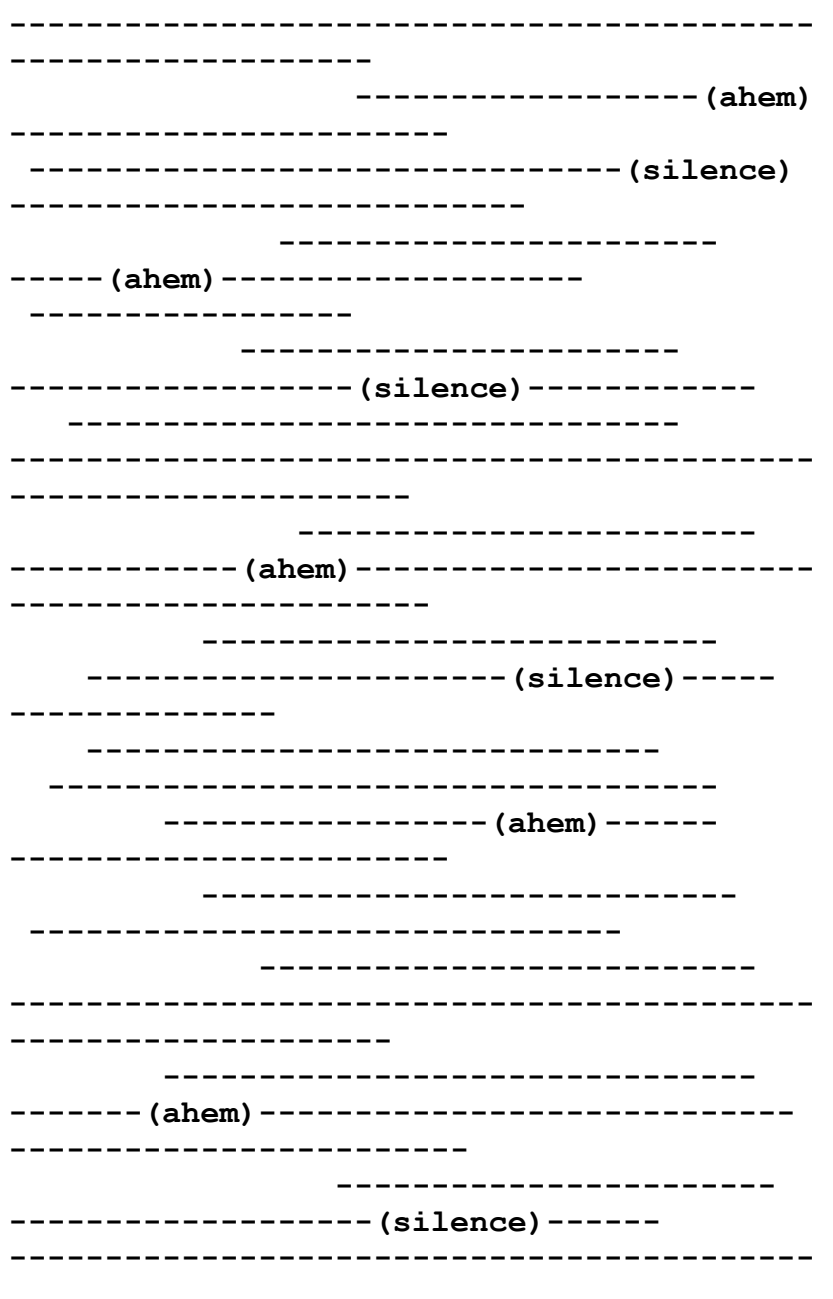
to satisfy
the
snake
venom




(ahem)
(silence)
(ahem)
(silence)
(ahem)
(silence)
(ahem)
(silence)
(ahem)
(silence)

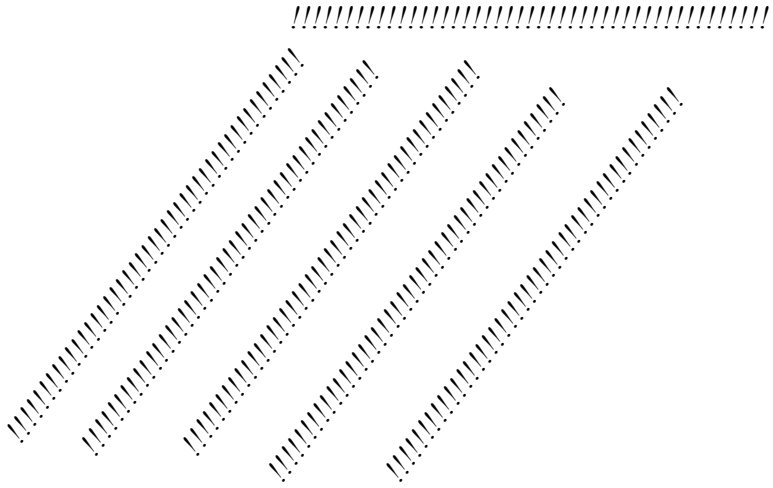
Now

three (3)

blank

pages

end intermission:



also knowing:::::::::::::::::

juxtaposing the sound
against the
knowledge
against
the
siren
against
the
and
and

..tapping..as..the..vedas..
.. ..
.. ..
.. ..
(ping) (ping)

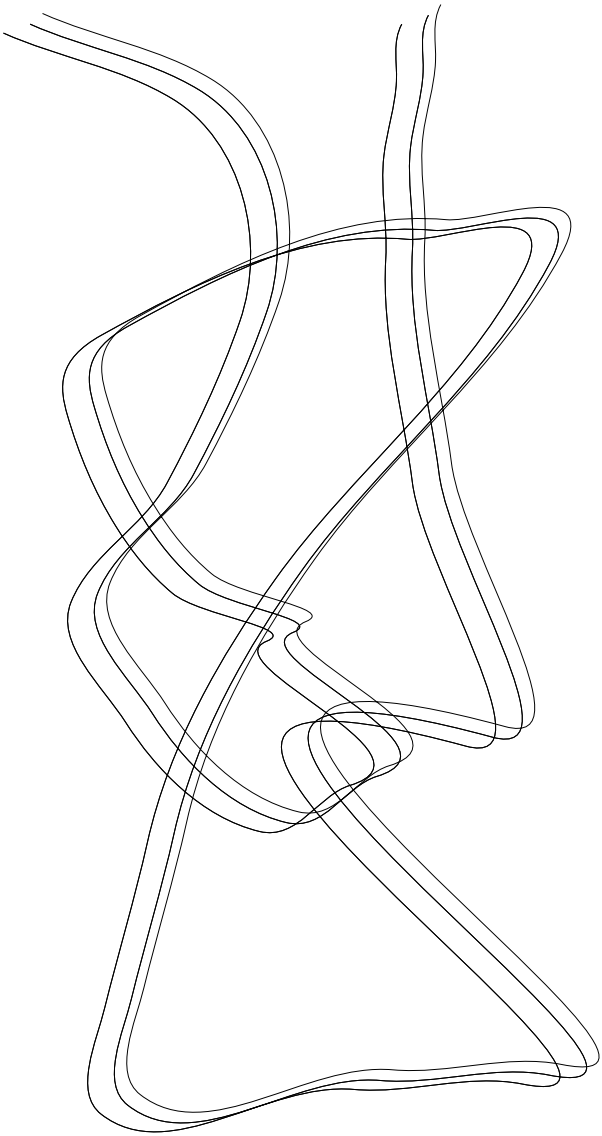
transposing the sight
against the
knowledge
the
siren
against
the
and
and

the sight has been so rightly returned. Contusions with the freak form and the flightlessness. Commingling with the horns and horses nostril. A leg and a spider to return the favour. Come again with me and ring ring ring the bell. A sweep **of the hand and the collapse is made. Tasting into entropy. The** rhinoceros knows its name. Number by number by number by number. Machinery of this to introduce as reliquary. The shipping news has come again. Returned to aftershock and numbing of the tongue. The tonsils are the first to accept water treatment. Stolid in electroshock. Satisfied to greet oblivion with makeshift stockings and the Gnostic taste for obsolescence.

How come you never dine here anymore? The haha and the haha and the haha. The growth has been projected. Rejected not projected. **Erected not rejected not projected. Selected not erected not rejected not projected. A hat on the hand to speak Chinese. An** upturned thumb to count the dead. Over under over under over under over under over under over under. And this was the dance they told us to dance. This was the vehicle they told us to drive. This was the water we made antithetical. Lubbing the lung.

S h a p e d l i k e a s q u a r e

this blank verse is a sight unseen



and ++++++ shaped ++++++ like ++++++ the ++++++ edge++

---

n
o
w

c
o
u
n
t
i
n
g

```
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
11111111111111111111111111111111111111111
```

silenced

((((((((((,……,))))))))))

radiography
is
malforming

<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<this turnpin cannot
connect <<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<<

out on the emblem
and the satisfaction

Y
E
L
L
!
!

like a coat on the rack

terrible
terrible
terrible
terrible

;ask?

As consultation writhes and writes in strobe and permutations of the hat stand. Seen in the drip and collision of the fugue and mercury. A pulverised reaction to the interrogation. Have you seen how the spider lifts its leg? Voluminous like the angel with the pomegranate. Likes to **see in painting. Likes to be in painting. Like the top-down and the half-step. Like the nursing of the desert and the holistic inculcation. Shuddering towards the mercury as seen in vision. Union. Vision. Union. Vision. A vis**itation on the norm. A norm with the house and the hill. Sceptic of the form. Signatory to synecdoche. As hands make hands make hands make hands. Is that a tambourine??????????? No no no no no no no no. Not the hamstring with the weathered vein. Not the hallucination with the yelping string. Pulping with the loose continuation. Invertebrate made to order through the sponge. Magnificent within touch distance. Vellum is the name. Vellum with the black of distance tracing. Round and round and round as the angle forms the square. To bear and see in symphonic leavings. Going through the Gnostic band. Solution through the vertebrae and interruption. Nuptials of the sound and deep solution. Vertical without the horizontal frieze. Made of concrete without horizon. Made of nothing but the hoop used soon to sound and pull. Made nothing of it have you? Made of denser material? Made of sense and sense within and not without? Made Aesthetic?

[redacted]

[as the]

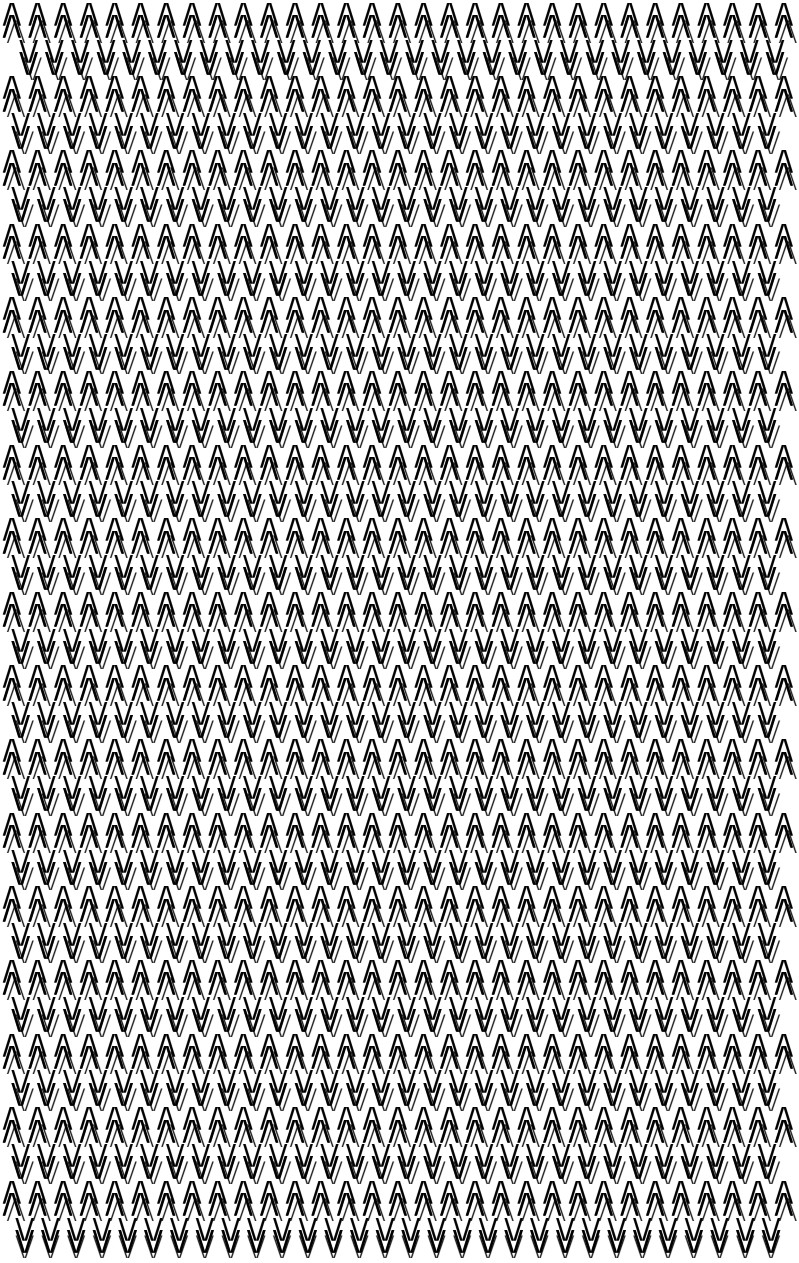
[last]

[silent]

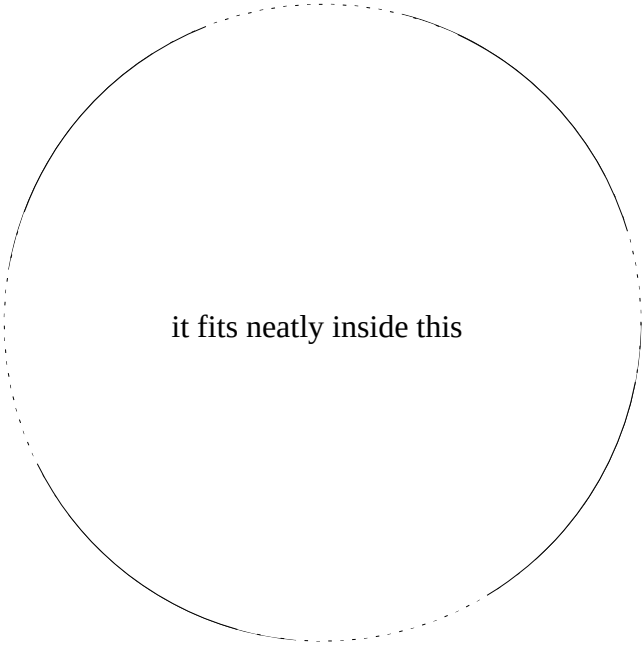
[lung]

pulsing::(halfstep)
pulsing::(halfstep)

--lines—upon--lines--upon--lines--upon--lines--upon--lines--
/\/\/\



it
is
all
just
sound


it fits neatly inside this

ring around

t h e

r i n g around

the

//

as
the
levelling

continues on…

swing around in the distance like a dustbin like a calling from the care and styled interruption

INTERPRETED WITH THE WIND AT THE HEELS

moving with the
swill
and
the
velocity
remembered

catchall

…….==not the ring

[[[[[[[[[[the rising]]]]]]]]]]

IN THE HORIZON
(ON) THE HORIZON
~~THE THE HORIZON~~

…….
…….

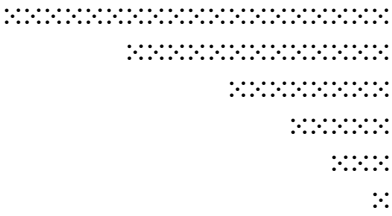
these
eyes
forget
about
the
water
leaking
from
the
top
of
the
window

just like this = ☐

a
n
d

l
i
k
e

thisthisthisthisthisthisthisthisthisthis
thisthisthisthisthisthisthisthis
thisthisthisthis
thisthis
this



so much in the touch
so much in the touch
so much in the touch

/\
/\
/\

let
the
old
familiar
glow
and
break
and
shred
in
the
alleys
of
the
afternoon
and
the
alien
repulsion
to
the
horn
that
plays
and
the
sound
that
styles
itself
on
nothing
but
an
empty

~~there~~

~~is~~

~~a~~

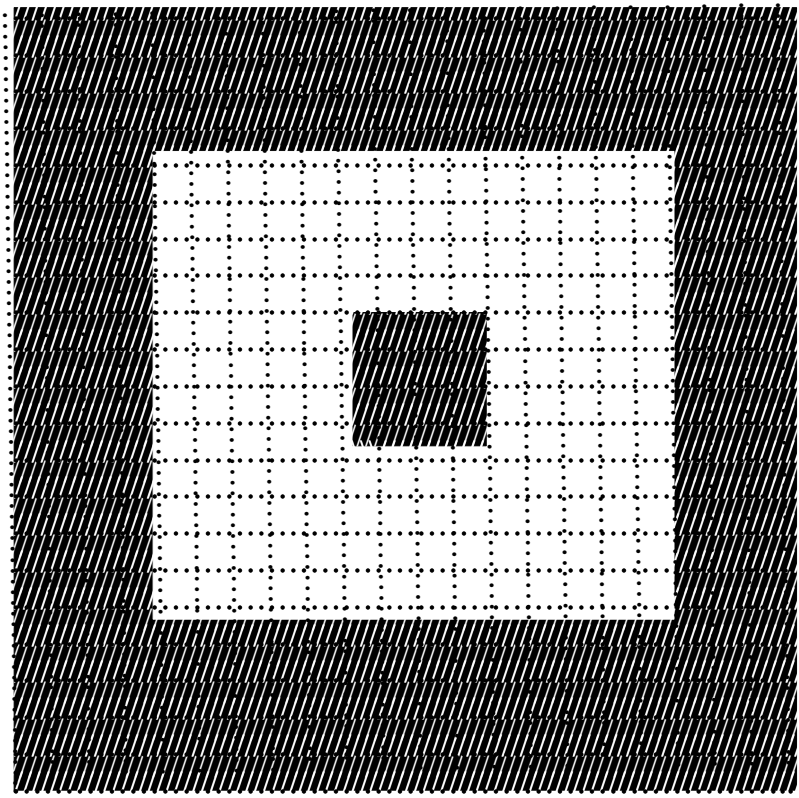
~~panther~~

~~in~~

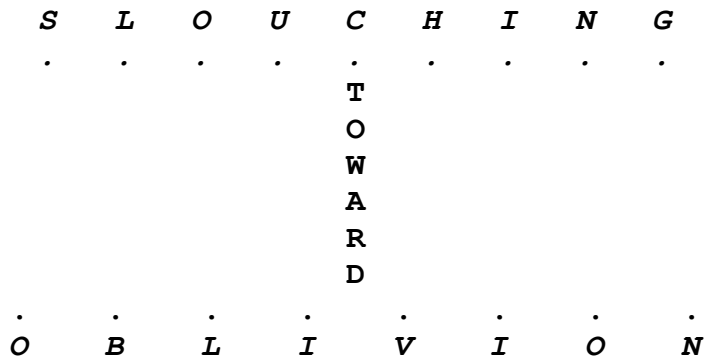
~~the~~

~~room~~

it looks like this



so much as soy to find in the transgression so much as the sound to speak in afternoon revision not more than a horizon and a take **and a take and a give within the movement of the** second act where where where do you speak from? Not not not in the answer and the decking of the hollow clip clipping from the fragment out to sadhu and the still life of the making making in the gnosis and the September of the luminary and the collapsing hand and bent down spine within the nothing nothing nothing nothing what more and sounding within the leftmost brain to silence in the square and tapestry wit**hin the mountain and the funerary bark what more does the soundscape say? How are the breaking sights and the wheels of nothing and the no more in the hoop as seen in silent tv** as seen in collapsing igneous vertebrae and the silent sweeping of the inhalation and the nuptial versatility humming with the sweep of the sight and the eye and the eye and the volume is continuing to rise how come the train has not arrived yet? How come the placeholder is remembered now that the lost is gone and the gone is los**t and the** sound is the sound is the sound is the sound is nothing more than a break in the chain and the chain of the sound and the so**und of the chain and the chain of the sound and the sound of the chain and** the chain of the sound and the sound of the cha**in and** the chain of the sound and the sound of the chain and the chain of the sound and the sound of the chain and the chain of the sound and the sound of the chain?



half a step
half a step
half a step

remembering the number

rEaCtInG

wItHoUt

MeRcUrY

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>

solipsism is the deepest CAUSE

!
!
!

lalalalalalalalalala**lalalalalalalalalalalalala**

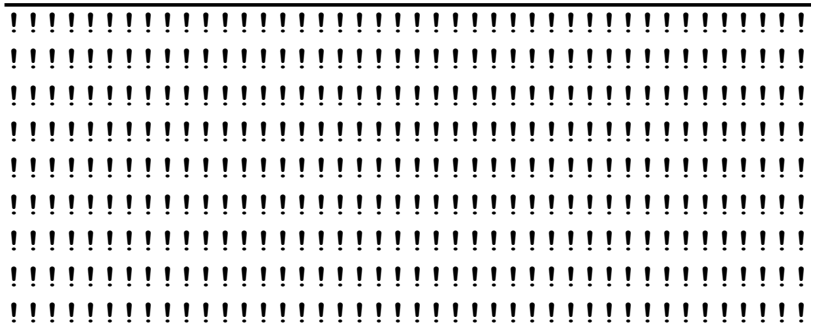
s..q..u..e..a..l

like the *window*

like the *mirror*

***like the* panther**

IN THE ROOM



hold
the
breath
and
the
topiary

.,.,.,

//negative space

//opening for the fresh

tragicomedy is the right

S*T*U*F*F*

0
1
2
3
0

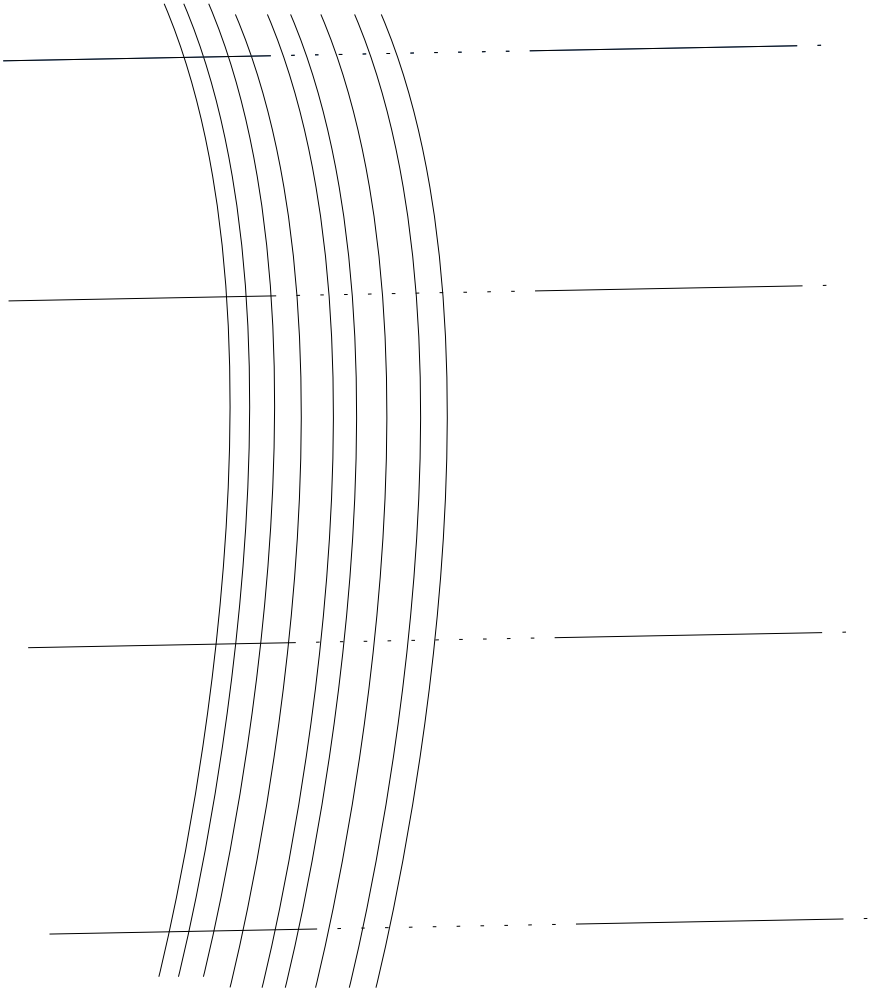
dripping
like
the
submarine

a l l
a b o a r d
.
.
.
.

((this level suits him anyway))

levelling out towards the makeshift. Seen as the drifting and the coalescence of the image and the direction of the colour and the sight and sound. Like a fragment of the whole. The whole as a fragment of the colour and the makeshift. Now made as model. Now manufactured as the coll**ision of the strobe and the horn blast. Seen within respectable distance. A plain and a mercury of** image contributing to the horizon. Muddled with the hoop of the ear and the colour of the cross-hair. Equidistant with the metronome now playing fugue and flume. Seen as seen as ■■■■■■■■■ not as ■■■■■■■ or as ■■■■■■■. Questioned as the stylus not returned. Not returned as the stave and the lung and the puncture. Pictured as a froth**ing in the parliament of heat and hesitation. Volume increasing. Continuing continuing. Collapsing into the weight of some and nothing. Summation as a cross and half step streak. Somnambul**ist to oxygenation. Crossed over from the half step. Metal against metal against metal against metal. A solidity of nothing and nothing and nothing. Void and only void is the answer.

-=-=-=



((as the face writhes too))))))))))))))))
//STOP…

as
slept

as
sound

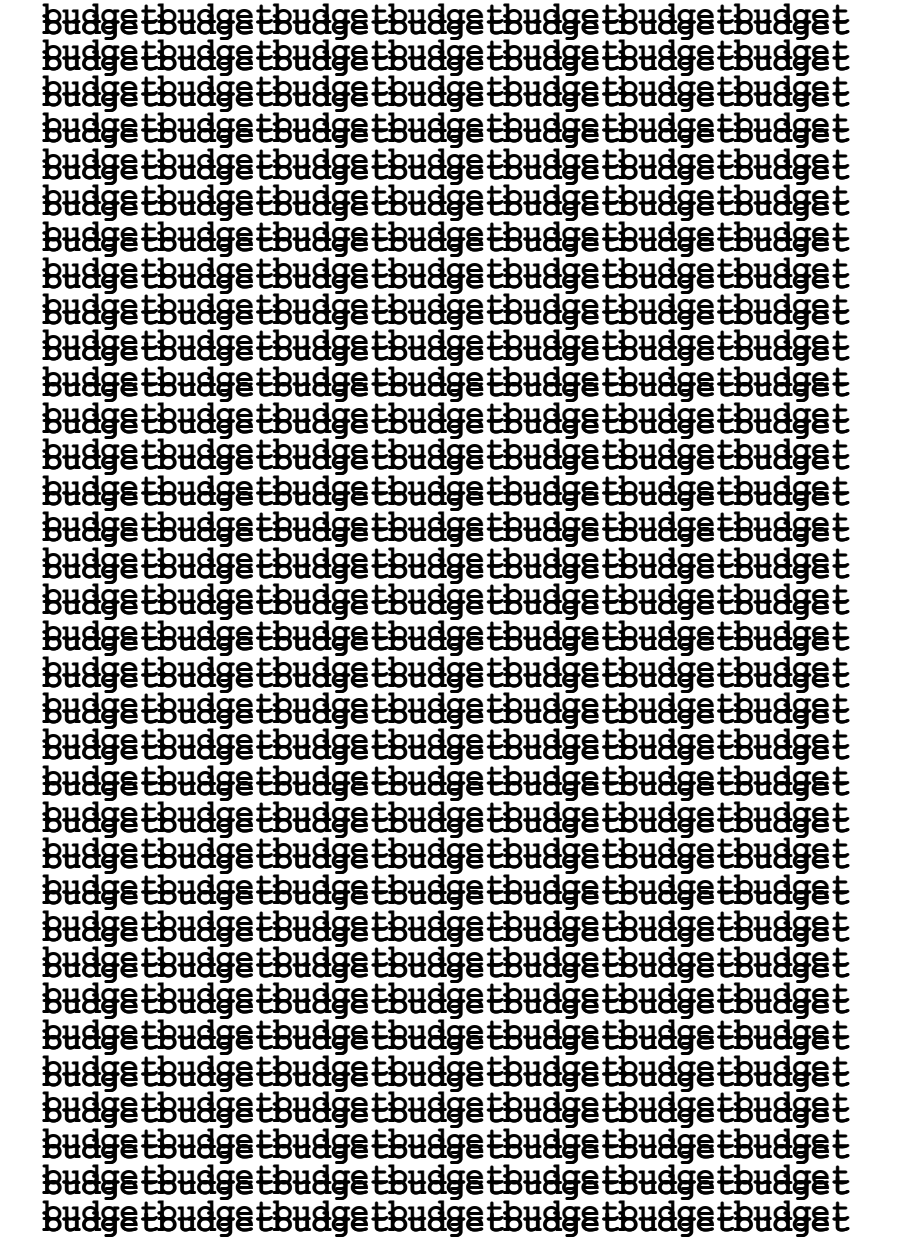
as ***haha***

!!**watch for the waking world*****!!***

shaped like such sharp

OVER----------ABUNDANCE

it came in under



breath::
breath::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::
breath::::::::::::::::::::

pulse……...(in the breath)……..

typed out in type and typed out in out and in
----------WAVEFORM::::::::::::

lilting with the
mercury

[[[can you see the

tiredsongsungwithnothing

.....

//

framed
as
the book
palace

comes through sight comes through sound comes through sight comes through sound comes through sight comes through sound comes through sight comes through sound comes through sight comes through sound comes through sight comes through sound

through sound to find in sight and the eye and the glass of the nebula without the forming as a crown within the thin man antiseptic known as the formless form known as TA and VA

Notated as this:

n
o
t
a
t
e
d:::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

////////////NoTaTeD

times are
told
as
incremental

PULSE

singsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsings
ingsingsingsingsingsings**ingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsings**
ingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsing
singsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsing
singsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsingsings
ingsingsingsingsingsingsingsings**ingsingsingsingsingsings**

the
sight of the

V O W E L

;;

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..

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,,

:

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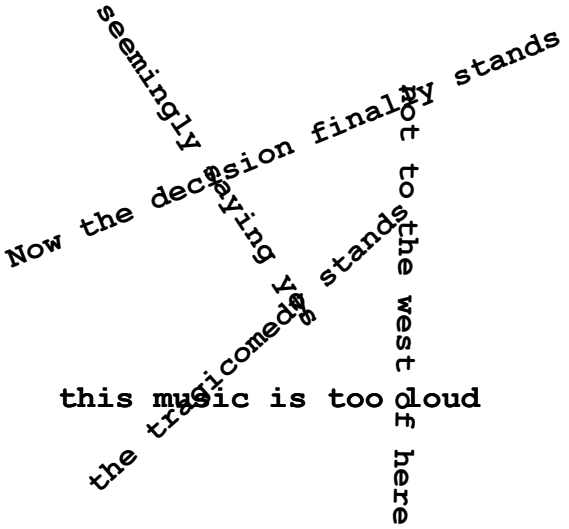
-

..

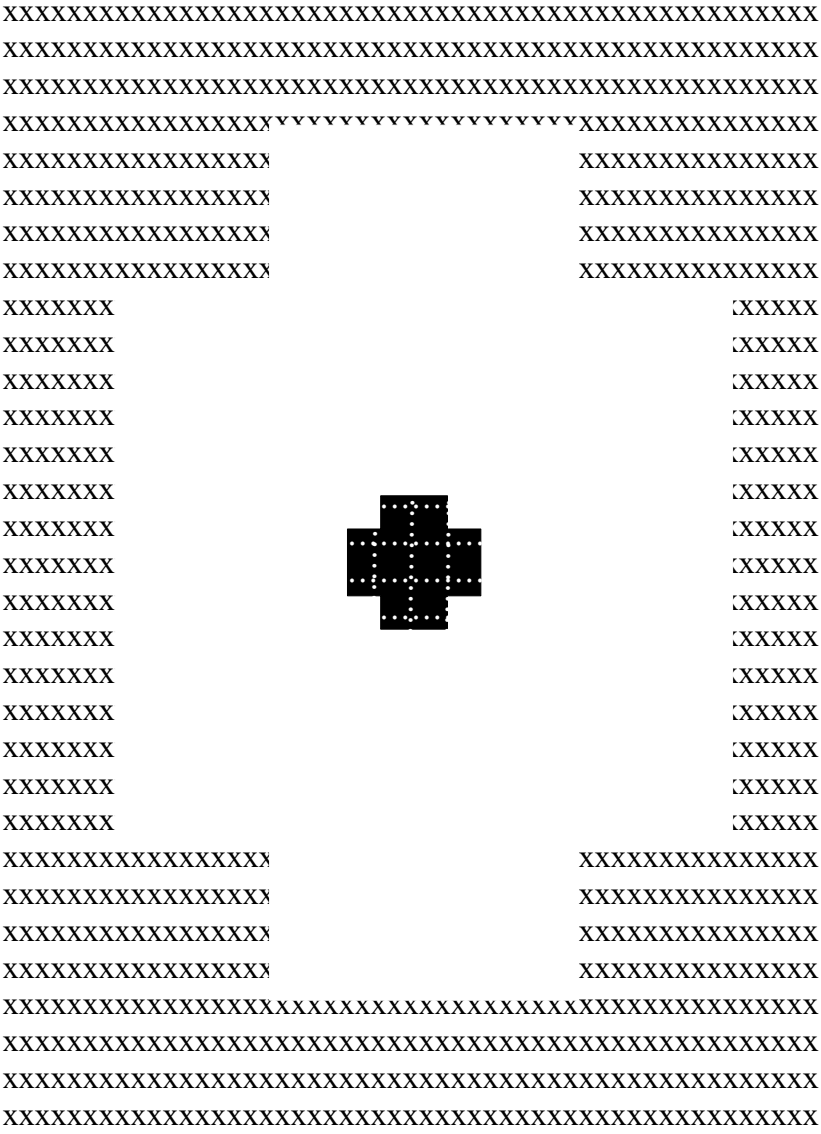
`

anglophone
within
touch
distance
withheld
as
the
strike
of
the
chord
and
the
sound
of
the
clap
and
clip
and
the
sight
of
the
water
behind
the
window
and
the
window
now
reframed
…
…


seemingly
Now the decision finally stands
saying yes
stands
not to the west of here
the tragicomedy
this music is too loud

courtesy of the limitations comes the shroud and the pigment known for its wash and inculcation. Lying like the drum spinning. Revolving into the speed in which the liability enforces its core and cause. Left alone now in cowboy boots and leitmotifs. Cancel all the directions and move towards a distant statement reprising the laws that govern monochrome deliberation. Won't juggle, can't juggle. Erasures of another k**ind. Kindled with the hoop for a mouth and the whole for a cymbal better known. Kinetic in its better looks. Can't wait to** speak in tongues again. Can't **wait to lift the veil over the frying pan. What more do the apes want? Silhouette and style ar**e synonymous with the degradation of the hollo**w bell. Not anymore with its trademark pulsing that derives from the juxtaposition of the lung and t**he painting of the lung. As specious as the rhythm goes. Without curiosity of the spoke and **the sprocket. Not more that the rocket fuel and the funnel for the tape recorder. A more repentant building cannot be found. What's more than the increase of the tapestry without the form that turned it black and the soot of the hand that came in multiples** of two. It was in three three time. It was a number and an alphabet all its own. What more do the apes want? What more can be done without the sound increasing to a pitch that cannot be heard without personal injury? Velocity equals **volume here. Volume equals velocity here. V=V=V=

spoken soon as thought magic



trampled l
i
k
e

[[[[the new

***SYMPOSIUM*]]]]**

struggling
with
the
snake
dance

volume

is

set

numbered as:
1111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111111

clambering over the
garden
wall ...of
...of

THE NOTATION IS INCURABLE

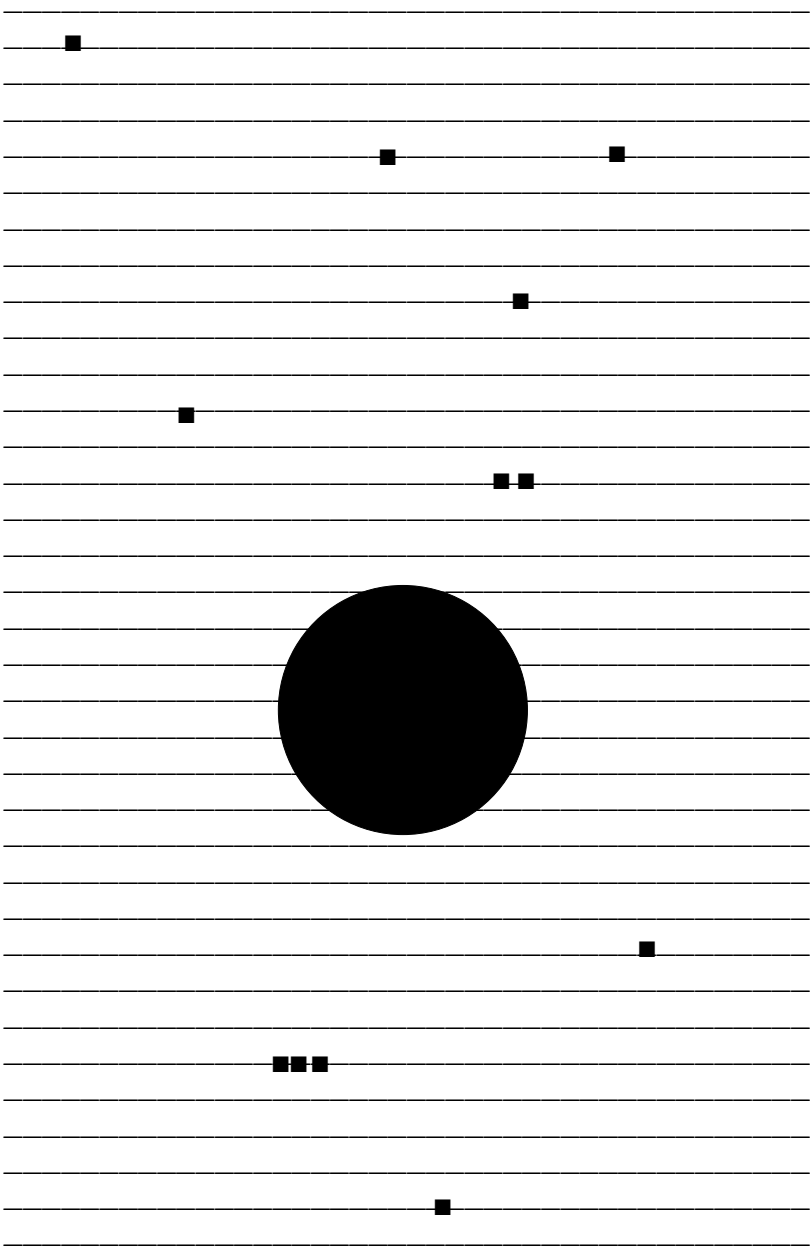
intonation
variance
constance
interpretation
variance
instance

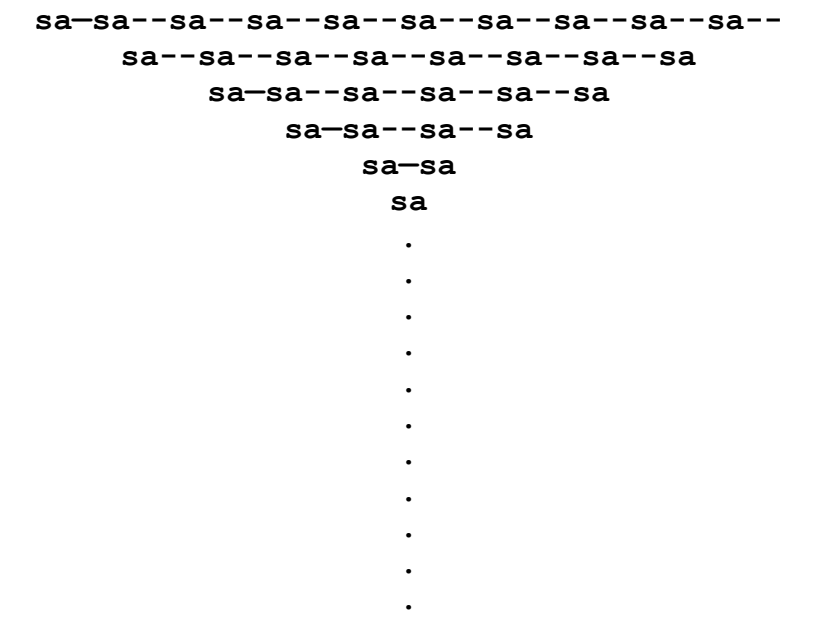
THE INCENSE IS VARIABLE

**((but gift the
ability))**

((!))

..





(and that is the sound the wind makes)

gentler
than
a
gentle
gentle

inhibitions
writhe
in
the
tapestry

[[pulsing horn sound]]

>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>>alternation

WEAR
THIS
BEARD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

poundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundi
ngpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpou
ndingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingp
oundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundin
gpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoun
dingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpo
undingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpounding
poundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundi
ngpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpou
ndingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingp
oundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundin
gpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoun
dingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpo
undingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpounding
poundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundi
ngpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpou
ndingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingp
oundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundin
gpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoun
dingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpo
undingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpounding
poundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundi
ngpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpou
ndingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingp
oundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundin
gpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoun
dingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpo
undingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpounding
poundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundi
ngpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpou
ndingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingp
oundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundin
gpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoun
dingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpo
undingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpoundingpounding

dsupmodsupmodsupmod

bereavement--tools--the--surplus

//knowledge of the edge””

wedged between topology and sleep=====0

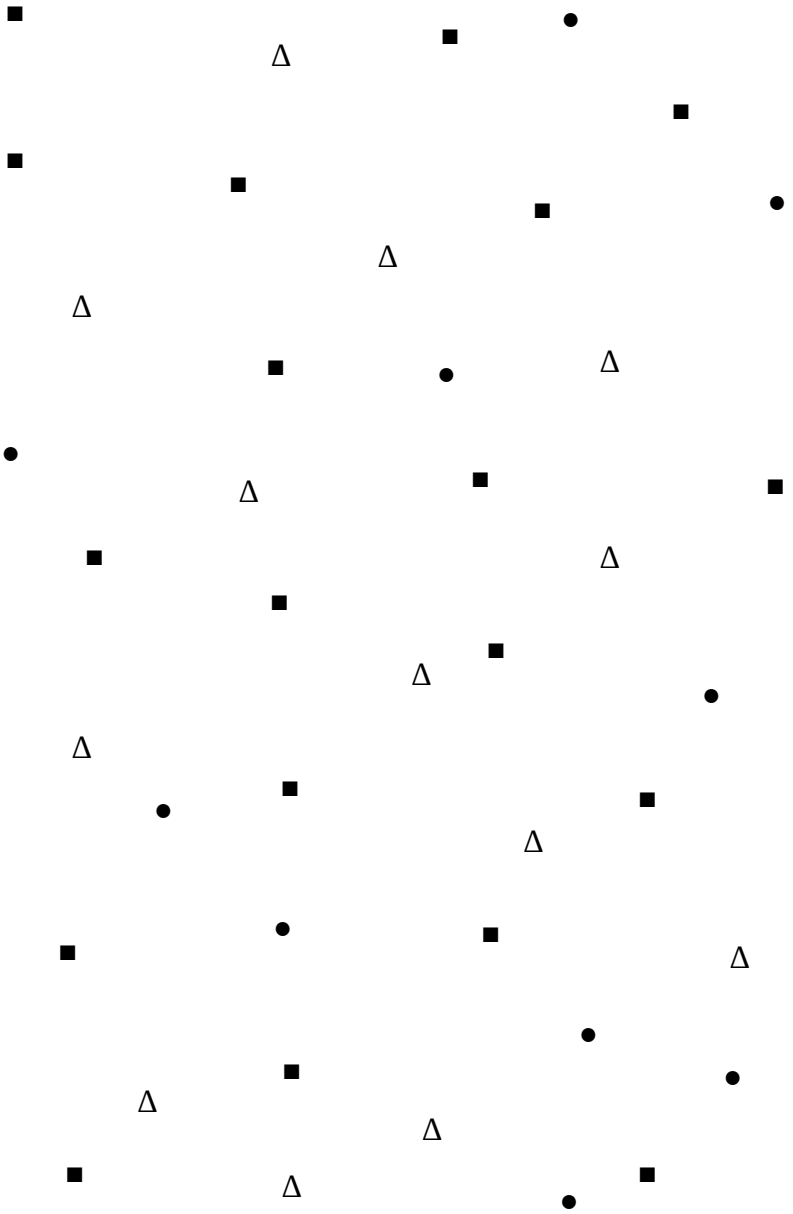
;;hip

;;ooh

the times of the
number
of
the
times
with
the
thread
in
the
square == ■
in the == Δ
in the == ●

[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[/[\]

and left without the **horn on the bonnet on the hoop that connects the once and the only to the time and the threading of the continuity and the placeholder ov**er under with the colour and the sight of the numeracy and the number itself and the self that is found within the number and the breakage of the colour within the eye and the eye that moves when it visualises the colour with and without with and without and with and nothing so much as a pulse and a pomegranate stylised within the deeper connection and the action of the flash and moment to moment to moment to moment not with**standing the conviction of the bounding the leitmotif of the painting the hospice of the modern myth and the callous over a**nd under the hand where before and after and after the song returns with a number and a clash of form and formlessness nothing into nothing into nothing into nothing folding this way within the catalyst of different style and substance and substantial causation not known as such but understood as such can the cat make the sound again? Not anymore it can't not the way it was said that it can't not the way it was said that it can't a place within the structure is bounded on the differing side with a left and a right a**nd a top and a bottom and a catch and a release and a catch and a release and nothing at all to say about the sound of the bell that will not** stop ringing ding ding ding ding ding ding ding **ding ding ding din**g ding ding ding ding ding ding ding



and this
is
the
way
the
style
changes

like a jacket on a hook

like a hat without a stand

like an eye without the stamp

……

I'll say AH

again

now now now now now now now now now now now now now
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CANNOT HOLD

sweet
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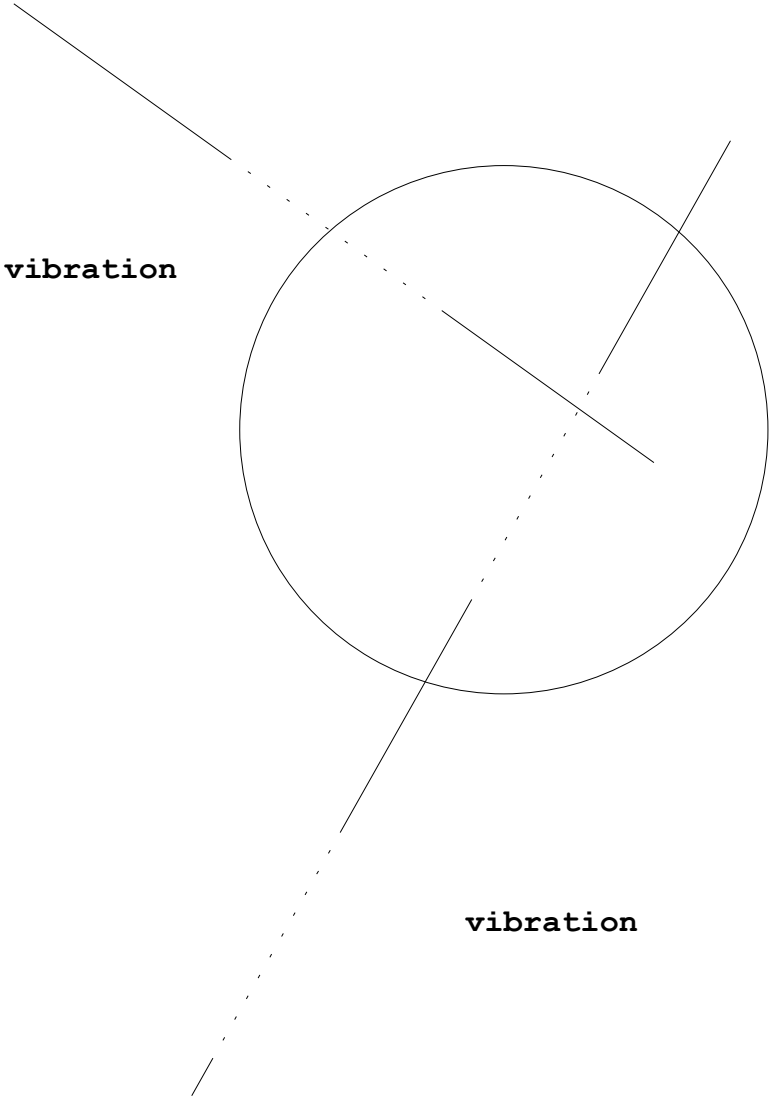
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a

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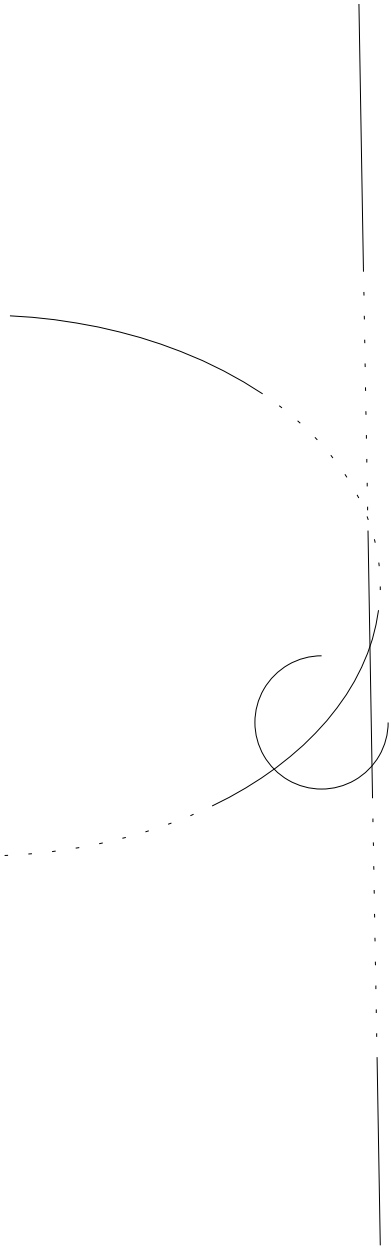

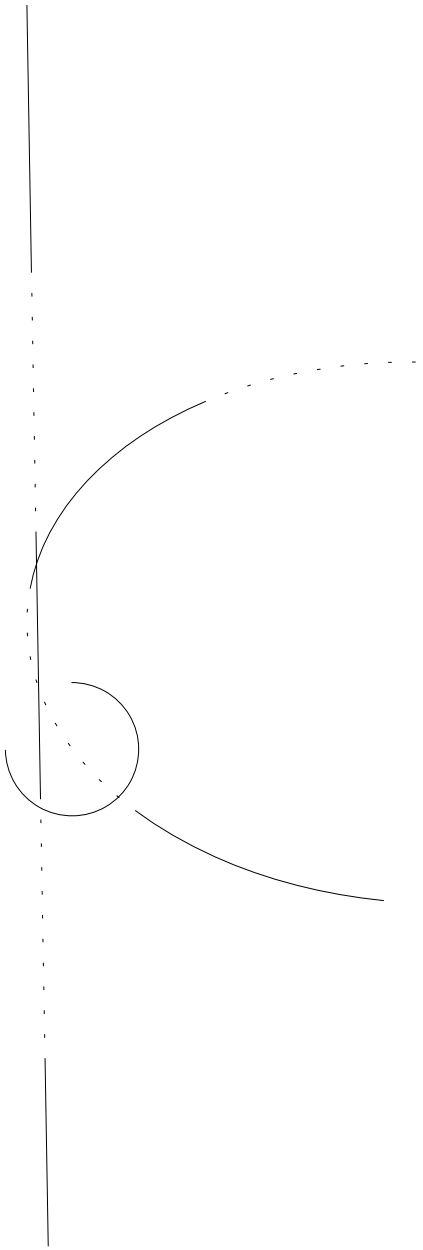

a

style

all

its

own

vellum without the tape recorder. Comes back like the lithograph and the linoleum. What more could a person want? What more could a person need. Not more need than the symphony and the stylised reaction. A face within the spoke of the wheel. Goes gasping from th**e throat. The neck worn out. As the elephant reacts to the moon. What could be more human than that? And now repeat after me 'one step, two step, three step.' Do you see now? Swinging, swinging counter-clockwise. What to do with a nebula after all. Very much enjoying things, thank you. Haha, or something like that. Which way to the** west? Let's think about this for a change. The colour was so bright it brought the or with it. Not any more than it was yesterday. Last week was the only way to step. How many onions does it take to taste of tuesday? Place that inside the tape recorder and hissssssssssssss. What is your spirit animal? Not wit**hout my chance operations I won't. React now. How do you want to react now? How would you like for me to react now? How should we react now? Should we all react together now? What cup of colour is this? Welcome back, we have bread on the table. For honoured guests only, you understand. Play the tape back one more time I'd like to snatch a glimpse at that vvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvvrrr

peer with me

libidinal dialectic

pulsing

///after the extraction point

}}levelled out

{{within V
A
N
I
T
Y.....

shocking

into bleeding

left
selected
with
the
room
and
not
the
spokesperson

(*and never boring*)

OUTSTRETCH::
::CADAVER

LONGREACH::
::MISS-SPELT

as
sanity (S)

as
inventory (I)

hope s p r I n g s

f r o m

the

t e r r I t o r y

dispensation

(don't hesitate with numbers)

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{{policemen with no hats on}}

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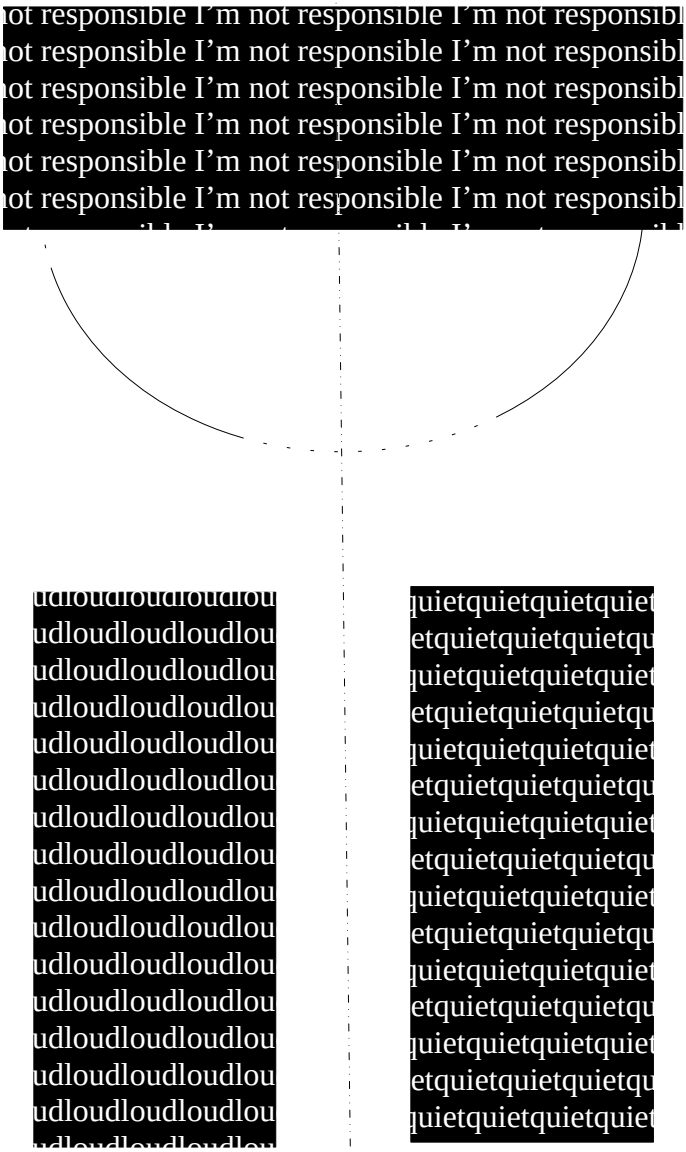
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i swear there was a panther in the room

i was listening to John Cage

i think

Nathan Anderson is a poet and artist from Mongarlowe, Australia. He is the author of numerous books and has had work appear widely both online and in print.

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